

[6.]

REFLECTIONS
UPON THE
MURDER
OF

S. Edmund-Bury Godfrey:

The Design of *Thompson, Farwell, and Paine,*
to shew off that Murder from the *Papists:*

The late Endeavours to prove *Stafford* a
Martyr, and no *Traitor*: And

The particular kindneses of the *Observer*
and *Heracitus* to the whole Design.

In a DIALOGUE.

With a Dedication from *Mrs. Cellier.*

LONDON,

Printed for A. B. and Published by L. Curtiss,

ANNO DOMINI 1682.

REFLECTIONS
UPON THE
MURDER
OF

Edmund Burke

The Design of Thomas Paine, and Paine
to him on that Murder from the Papers:
The late Endeavours to prove, Stafford a
Murder, and no Murder: And
The particular kindnesses of the
and Heretofore to the whole Design.

In a DIALOGUE.

With a Dedication from Mrs. Collier.

LONDON,

Printed for A. B. and Published by J. Currie.

A. B. & D. O. M. 1882

TO THE
COUNTS
OF THE
EMPIRE, &c.

My Lords,

THere has been a great Hurly-burly about the Death of Sir Edmund-Bury Godfrey, publick Justice has made her Report to Heaven, that he was murdered by the Papists; but the Papists scandaliz'd at the Wickedness of the Action, would fain have made the World believe that he killed himself. My Lords, 'tis well known, how far I have contributed my Personal pains, before and since that my Advice to bring this nable Design to pass. But I think the Devil owes us a shame, we have always the ill Luck to meet either with Fools or Knaves: When it comes to the pinch, what we well contrive is defeated, by the ill management of our Instruments. The *Observer*, indeed did indifferent well; for he gave a sparring-blow at Praunce's Reputation, and back'd our Friend Thompson in the very Nick, the very morning before the Trial. I chuckl'd again when I heard of the Vintner's Boys; they put me in mind of the St. Omers Lads. But as for F. and P. and all their Witnesses,

nesses, 'twas Money meerly thrown away. But let us not despond my Lords, if one thing fails another will hit, and we shall hit it at last: In the mean time, 'tis my Advice, that you keep up the Observator's Spirits and double his Salary. It will be a thorn i their sides that swore him at the Queens Chappel, as long as he lives.

Facit Indignatio Dialogos, my Lords—
And though the Heraclitick Cabal be of little moment, let it not sink: All helps, as the Wren said: But above all (since you may have so many Protestant Booksellers to do it) let the **Ld. C's** Vindication of the English Catholics, his Memento, and the **Ld. Stafford's** Memoirs be reprinted. Those Gentlemen puzzld the People with their if's and their ands, and how is it possibles, at a strange rate. They had a brave Design to persuade men out of their Reason and their Senses; and I am persuaded all that believe in the Observator, and Heraclitus, will believe in Them. I beseech you, my Lords, take these things into your Considerations; for you have leisure enough, and believe that he will never forsake you, unless you forsake her, who is

Your Lordships

Most devoted Servant,

Eliz. Cellier.

Reflections

REFLECTIONS, &c.

A. **T**Hink on't? Why I think on't as bad as ever I did: I think that the Papists did Murther Sir Edmund-Bury Godfrey: and I think it was one of the most horrid and barbarous murders that have been perpetrated upon a private Person for many Ages.

B. Not so barbarous neither by what I can find by the Relation, for they did not put him to any lingering torments: they only flung the Handkercher about his Neck, and pull'd i'th Devil's Name. The Turkish Mutes could not have done it with more dexterity.

A. You must know they were in haste: but had they had leisure enough, I hold you a Wager, they would have kept him a whole fortnight a dying?

B. Why so Malicious?

A. The Papists tell ye the reason themselves, *he had examined People against them, and had got Depositions to fix odious Crimes upon them and their Religion.*

B. Did the Ruine of all their designs depend upon Sir Edmund-Bury Godfrey's life; or did they think they had got Caligula's wish to have all the Necks of the English Protestants in the twisted Handkercher that strangl'd him?

A. What e're they thought, it fell out ill for them. For the Kingdom alarm'd by the first discoveries of the Plot, was almost hush't asleep again by the double diligence of the Plots true Friends and Abettors: The whole Nation seem'd to have swallow'd Opium for a time, till the murder of this innocent Gentleman, no body knew why nor by whom, rouz'd it out of that Lethargic humour, and the loud Cries of his blood put all honest men upon a diligent enquiry after the Authors of the Murther, neither was it long before the discovery was fully made out.

B. And then the Plot was believ'd.

A. It was so-- and good reason too, when it was clearly found out that Papists, and Popish Priests were the main Actors in the Tragedy.

B. Well but who made the Discovery?

A. Prance.

B. Pox o' Prance--He--He'l lye and swear any thing--He'l

B

swear

swear an Oyster to be a dark Lanthorn for five Shillings-----

A. How! Take heed what you say---did you ever see his Narrative---

B. No-- nor never will-- I see such a Rascals Narrative!

A. Why, this is right *Hair-brains*, right *Tory* all over, yet I must tell ye, the Narrative is licens'd, *Sunderland*, in pursuance of His Majesties Order in Council.

B. Puh! that was in *Shaftsbury's* Reign-- but alas a day there have been a hundred since that have contradicted him.

A. Who can contradict Matter of Fact? He was an Actor in the Tragedy, and saw the business done.

B. Hang him I don't believe a word he says--- why look ye, to confront him, there's the Lord C. and Viscount *Staffords* Ghost.

A. And what of them?

B. Why the one puts the Question very solidly, I say very solidly, *how it could be?* and the other says absolutely, *it was impossible it should be so.* Two Arguments that are never to be answered.

A. This 'tis to be a man of an implicate and easy faith-- not considering that these *Murder-Shammers* are parties concerned-- it behooves them with all the cunning that Jesuitism can infuse into their Brains, to repair the contaminated credit of the *Romish* Church. The murder of Sir E. B. G. is one of the great Corroboratives of their *Popish* Plot. So that if they could but wash away the stains of his blood, they would soon ease themselves of the burthen of the Hellish Conspiracy laid to their Charge. Therefore *hic labor, hoc opus*. What a coyle did they keep after this, with their *Farmills*, their *Paines*, and their *Thompsons*? They thought the day had been their own: They were cock-sure that now they had obumbrated Truth with a cloud of Witnesses: and what is become of the project? Now the deluded Fools look like *Monkeys* that have swallowed *Aloes*.

B. Whig Juries-- Whig Juries---

A. No-- no-- that's your grand mistake-- a Jury of *Transylvanians* would have done the same-- their own Evidence evicted 'em-- & so the hugeous Mountain brought forth a Mouse-- the *Tower-Politicks*-- the *Newgate*-Consultations, and the fair Ladies female Travel and Assistance came to nothing.

B. Don't

B. Don't talk on'r, the Jury did not read--

A. No-- the Jury don't use to read at the Bar.

B. I mean they did not read the *Observer*-- the *Observer* that came out that morning.

A. What about the *Scale* and impertinent story of the *Antipedian* and the *Brass Screws*.

B. No, no, not that,

A. Oh, I find ye out, ye mean the story of the Vintners Boys. A hopeful story indeed of a Protestant *Observer*. Though I must confess 'twas well nick'd, and well improv'd to help a lame Popish *Curt* over the *Stile*. By which you may see how the *Observer* and *Thompson* hung together, and drove on, both, the same interest. What he got by't, he may put in his Eye; if the Tories are not wholly wedded to their own blindness, and it is thought that that mornings work has open'd the Eyes of a good many already.

B. Why did not P. swear that he never sent for L. J. the night before, when he did?

A. What if he had sent for him, and then rashly sworn the contrary? (though that cannot be prov'd neither; it being another Person that sent for him.) what signified a rash oath in a Tavern to enervate a judicial oath in a Court of Justice? only it shew'd the nimble double diligence of the *Observer* to send his emissaries to drill a leash of raw Boys into a sort of fram'd forms of Affidavits, that signified nothing to the purpose had they been sworn, and how zealous he was to have protected his three Friends that were running post to the Devil to serve the Popish Cause. Wink with one Eye, and see whether you can spie nothing.

B. There's no such necessity Sir-- one Pope, one King of France, one *Observer's* enough at one time.

A. Nay you do well to make much of him, for you'll never get such another. They say he's such a parlous *Observer*, that he'll observe a Mutiner among the *Mites* in a Cheese, & that he smells so of Loyalty, that there's never a monarchical Bee in England will offer to sting him. He labors day and night, drudges like a Camel, & so profusely fills the world with his volumes of waste paper, as if he foresaw a famine of Bumfodder.

B. However he has done a great deal of good, he has knockt down Fanaticism like an Ox, & Disenterism like a Calf, he has trod upon the Asp and the Basilisk, as Alex. He trod upon *Barbarossa's* Neck.

A. Yes, and you see how fairly he let drive at the reputation of the Kings Evidence (a reputation of much more consequence to the Kingdom than forty such as his is) on purpose to ward the stroke of Justice from *Subornation*, and to ease the Papists of the load of the most barbarous murder, that the lust of Woman, or the Ambition of a *Cæsar*, *Borgro* ever committed. Which could he have done, the Coach & six Horses must have return'd again, for the Popish Mints could have done no less then have wrought a month for his satisfaction. Hereafter too he shall be Canoniz'd, and all the Popish *Ora pro nobis's* shall be addressed to him, the most proper to be their Intercessor in Heaven, that did them such faithful service upon Earth. But for men of sense and reason, unless it be some few of his own Flie-blown party, they deride his Mummery and Impertinence.

B. But

B. But I hope you'll grant ther'es something due to the witty *Heracitus*.

A. Not the value of a straw. That Corporation of *Duncerie* has but just Brains and Rhume enough to keep the Ship afloat. They are many, but they have exhausted themselves like Silk-worms, or rather like Gentleman Ushers in the Harlotry service of their own prostituted Conceits; and so you may leave 'em to the scorn and contempt where you found 'em.

As for *Thompson, Paine, and Farwell*, should this World deal with 'em according to their deserts, it is resolved that they shall escape *Purgatory* in the other, though it were very requisite, one would think, that they should have a little Purgation by fire, from the drops of willful Submission to Subornation, and premeditated Perjury: For else it can never be expected that the Popes single Pass should ever give them Entrance into Heaven. Well but we'll suppose, they are never like to come there. Then care must be taken by His Holiness on the other hand, and great means used to *Rhadamanthus* besides, that when they come into the lower Regions, they be not thrown into *Harpie's wood*, under the Title of *Ruffians*; for though they did not murder the poor *Innocent Gentleman*, yet after he was murdered, they endeavoured their utmost to assassinate the memory of his Good name and Reputation. Now this *Wood* is a terrible *Wood*, purposely for the punishment of *Ruffians*, wherein they are no sooner entred, but down come the *Harpies* from the top of the Boughs, and make most miserable Havock of their Flesh and Sinews, and then hunt them with other *Ruffians* in the shape of Dogs, into the Center of the *Wood*, where having no other way to escape, they are forced to leap out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire, and plunge themselves into a great Lake of Brimstone and Flame, through which they sink down right into utter darkness, in *Secula Seculorum*. Amen.

But now what says the *Ld. Staffords Hobgoblin*, a main stickler in this business of Sir Edmund?

In the first place he braggs of the Education in the Flesh, and his Endowments of Grace, which *Italy* indeed, according to custom, connived at, but which *Germany* had like to have punished with the utmost severity of her Laws, had not his nearest Relations been as careful then of his Redemption, as before of his Education.

Next he tells us of his high Marriage, and his being made a *Baron* by his late Majesty. The more ingrateful he to turn Traitor to his Prince, the most gracious Son of such a gracious Father, to whom he had been so paternally beholding.

Then he boasts his Sufferings for his Loyalty to the King. Not so much it seems out of love of Loyalty, as out of Reward. For because *K. Charl. 2d.* did not satisfie his Expectation, therefore he murder'd & grumbled, & entred into a Conspiracy to take away his Life.

For this, saith he, the Lord was accused of High Treason, and because he did not presently betake him to his Heels, as a wiser man would have done, therefore he was innocent. But in such Cases, to out-face danger is no sign of Innocence. For *Catiline* took his place in the Senate, when he knew his Conspiracy was detected; and *Biron*, though he knew himself engaged in a deep design against his Prince, was so hardy as to appear before the

King

King to justify himself, and to demand Justice upon his Accusers; so idle a thing it is to judge of Innocence by the daring boldness of the Criminal. Nor was the over-confident Coleman the more innocent for approaching the Council Chambers at the same time that his own Treasonable Letters were under examination.

After this he would insinuate, that because, as he says, the Evidence was yet weak, for faith & discovery, Indemnities were promis'd, rewards propos'd, and encouragement given by Proclamation to any that should make out upon Oath the particulars of what was in substance already declar'd. Which he supposes to have bin wrongfully done, or else why this insinuation? And thus the King and his Parliament are by a skulking Traytor accus'd of injustice at the first dash. And thus it is apparent that we are to expect from him nothing but Calumnies thrown upon our Sovereign and obtrusions upon the People, of the highest nature. For as for Indemnities promis'd, there was all the reason in the World, it not being to be thought, that any guilty persons should turn themselves into a Halter, before they had some assurance of their lives. Nor were they then safe neither, unless they made out to the discerning Judgment of the King and his Council, what they already'd to be forced Truth; and then assuredly they deserved their Indemnity, as it was but all the reason in the World they should have it. But this *impartial Gentleman* would have had 'em come in of their own accord, confess'd their Treasons, and so his work had bin done, by *stifling the Plot in the cradle of Discovery*. But tho' this were for his Interest, it was neither for the Kings nor the Nations.

As for Rewards promis'd, there was no such thing at first done, any farther, than as such as should come in and discover the Murtherers of *Sir Edmundbury Godfrey*. Which in such cases has bin the practice of those in Authority in all Ages and Governments.

By this, saith he, and the like falsities of the King and the succeeding Parliaments (his Treasonship had as good have call'd it by some other enormous name, for we know what he means) came in *Captain Beckwith*. Wherein he most impudently tells a most notorious falsehood: For *Beckwith* came in of his own accord, or rather, as he himself declar'd, by the Impulse of Heaven; as being convinc'd by the wicked Designs of Mr. *Yampson's* fellow Conspirators.

Next saith he, *Dugdale* and *Prance*: by which wilful mistake of order, he drives on the continued fallacy of his Story: for *Prance* came next, but was accus'd by *Andlaw* and apprehended: Before *Dugdale* came in, *Coleman* and *Staley* were both Executed; which gave the King such high satisfaction, that then indeed, and not before, he issued forth a Proclamation upon the 28th of November, with offer of Pardon and Two hundred Pounds to any person concern'd in the Plot, that would come in before the 2^d of Decemr. For by the Conviction of *Staley*, the malice of the *Papist* heart is appear'd, tho' they conceal'd it with better Discretion. By the Conviction of *Coleman*, the whole Nation and they that doubt not were convinc'd of the Truth of the Design. So that it was then high time for His Majesty's usual possible diligence to dive into the bottom of a Contrivance so deeply and villainously laid. However, we may from hence take notice, that the Impudence of the *Papist* is arriv'd at a strange height, when their Champion, Mr. *Twissell*, shall dare to tax the King with Injustice for endeavouring his own, and the preservation of his Kingdom. Certainly they have some strange Confidence of sudden Revolutions, which ought to make all true Protestants the more vigilant.

There is one thing more observable in the first Paragraph of this Section, where he says, *that Stafford was in his Impeachment, charg'd together with other Papists.* Speak out Sir, You should have said, *Other False Traytors.* How finely would Mr. *Impartial* mince the matter? But 'tis well known the Vicount was not charg'd as a *Papist*, but as a *Traytor*. Nevertheless those words *Falſe Traytors* had too much Ales in them for the niceness of *Papist* Mastication: however he might have swallow'd 'em for once, though it had bin only for *Impartialities* sake. But let Mr. *Impartial* mince the matter as he pleases, the Lord *Stafford* was Charg'd as a *Traytor* with other *Falſe Traytors* nam'd in his Impeachment, and so fell before a *High Authority, Illustrious Judges, and an August Assembly.* All which being true, it argues a transcendent Presumption in Mr. *Impartial*, to encounter such a *High Authority, such Illustrious Judges, and such an August Assembly,* with his dwindling *Memours.* As if so *High an Authority, so Illustrious Judges, and so August an Assembly* were not competent Judges of *Vicount Stafford's* Treasons, and the validity of the Evidence. Let the whole Nation take notice of that.

After a recapitulation of the several Depositions he comes to the second Paragraph of this Section, which he calls the *Papist* Plea. Wherein he has these words at the beginning. *Wherefore though it be not my design to defend Popery, yet I think it very pertinent and necessary to insert here some of those many things the Papists in general did and do still constantly alleadge in Vindication of their Innocence.* In which Lines he manifestly gives himself the Lye. For he will not undertake to defend *Popery*, but will vindicate the *Papists*; as if the *Papists* did not profess *Popery.* Pull off your Vizard Sir, that we may know who you are. For there is a considerable Wage laid, that you your self are one of the bloody Conspirators themselves. Now, if you are not, win if you can. Else all the World will believe it impossible for any *Protestant* to be so bawlingly, yawlingly zealous to dishonour his Prince and native Nation. Sir, the *Protestants* are Men of as much Learning, of as much Knowledge, and as acute Judgments as ever the *Papists* were, since the first Usurpation of your Pope. Men free from the blinde of silly Superstition, Men of a clearer and more Noble Religion, which inspires a clearer and more illuminated Reason, than ever *Popery* could pretend to. And you must not think that the Sense and Reason of the *Protestant English* Nation is so stupidly'd, that they cannot understand Truth from Falshood without the assistance of a piece of Monstrosity in Nature, that appears Centaur-like, with two shapes in one Body. *Protestant* before, *Papist* behind; or *Papist* before, *Protestant* behind, no matter which: or if this *Smile* please not, like a *Spread Eagle* with two Necks. Thus is a mean piece of *Papistical* cunning, and pure sham, and already discover'd. You must profess your self a *Protestant*, and then the *Papists* must cry out, Oh we are innocent, for the *Protestants* themselves have defended our cause. You had better have appear'd as you are, for double shapes must have double Tongues and double Hearts. Deal fairly now, and tell us what you had of the *Papists* for this laborious piece of Ingenuity; and you shall have the same piece to answer your own Book, for 'tis the trick of a Mungrel to bark at Friend and Foe. Well, but what say your Employers the *Papists*? Some *Papistical Phantasies* certainly, that they you thus to make Brick without Straw.

The Papists plead, that it is not the clamour of the multitude and honour of a Crime imputed, but the guilt and clear Conviction of a Crime prov'd, that renders a man accountable to Justice.

What a cunning Evasion has Mr. *Impartial* found out? The stress of this Plea lyes upon the words, imputed and prov'd. But Sir, Vicount *Stafford* did not lye under the single imputation of a Crime; but under an Impeachment in Parliament of the Commons of England, which is many degrees beyond a single Imputation. It was *Kex Populi, Vox Dei*, no Clamour that prosecuted the heinousness and honour of the Crime. Then for proof. He was Convicted by a proof allow'd of by a High Authority, Illustrious Judges, and an August Assembly, and therefore most consequently be guilty.

The second Plea is, That as Treason is the worst of Crimes, so is the stain of Innocent Blood (when shed by Perjury) hard to be washed off. You should have told us some News, Mr. *Impartial*, this is that which all Men know. Where's your proof of any Act of Perjury committed, that you should have made out first, before you had thus maliciously gone about to besmear the King and the Kingdom with such a bloody stain, as if they had taken off the Lord *Stafford's* Head by Perjury. For the Inference is plain; and if you pretend to be a Subject to the Monarch of Great Britain, I must tell you, Mr. *Impartial*, your way of pleading for the Papists is very lawyerlike.

Your next Plea is, That the Positive Swearing of every Person in every matter or manner hand over head, is no Conviction of another's Guilt, nor will verities.

I know not what you mean by hand over head, unless it be to impose upon the ignorant. But if there are any who understand not yet how much they are to know that the Testimony against Vicount *Stafford*, passed all the scrutiny and sifting imaginable of Both Houses, the Lords of the Council, and two Committees of Secresie. The Attorney General also, the Solicitors General and the Kings Council had the scanning of the Proof. And yet Mr. *Impartial* is such an unreasonable man that nothing will satisfy him. What prodigious Parts does Mr. *Impartial* aspire to; that after so much serious debate and deliberation, he should think so many Great, Venerable and Learned Personages should not understand whether Witnesses swore *behind their heads* or no, as well as a Popish Priest. Certainly he must think so High an Authority, such Illustrious Judges as such an August Assembly had very little to do to put themselves to the Solemn Trouble of hearing hard barren head Evidence.

The Papists next Plea is, That false Accusations may be so full, as that it is necessary to be possibly be demonstrated by the Party accus'd; seeing no mortal Man can distinctly prove where he was, and what he did, faith or the words every day and hour of his life.

Wonderful how condescendingly does Mr. *Impartial* court and flatter the assistance of his own Dreams. Alas, Sir, you may assure your Clients, that there was no such heavy task imposed upon his Lordship as to be so particular or so punctual. But such Remarkable passages as Overt Acts of Treason, the times and places of Consultations and making Promises, may large Promises too, are not so easily to be forgot, but that with a willing mind a man might rub up his Memory. But what's the Grand Inference from this minute Assertion?

That the Accuser ought to be a credible Witness, that is not tainted with Crimes and Villanies.

2. That Accusers be strengthened with probable Circumstances, Circumstances that bring along with them some appearance of Truth distinct from the bare accusation it self.

But neither of these two Essential Conditions are found in the Evidence given of this pretended Plot. For First,

What manner of men the Witnesses are, they who make these Discoveries, how notorious, infamous; how stigmatiz'd with all sorts of Felonies, Forgeries, Cheats, Debaucheries and Wickedness. — Stop Sir — Now we are come to the Devil's Sheepshearing: here's a great Cry and little Wool: Why, Sir, you know the Proverb, like will to like. Such as these were only fit for your Turns. You have been told often enough of this, and yet you will take no notice of it, but bring your plausible Stories over and over again. Who do you think would undertake to Assassinate Princes but such? Who do you think would do the drudgery of your mischief but such? I am confident if you should expect to have had it done by any other hands you must have done it your selves. But all this while here is only clamour and noise, and the imputation of Crimes. You tell us indeed of intelligent Protestants that know much, and publick Records, but produce neither Persons nor Parchment. So then to give you an answer by your own words; *It is not the clamour of the heinousness and horror of a Crime imputed, but the clear Conviction of a Crime prov'd, that renders a Man guilty and liable to your Accusations.* But now suppose they had been guilty of the Crimes you lay to their charge, and had added to the rest one more of being guilty of that Conspiracy which you so vigorously defend; if the King find they have been so considerably employed in your Service, that they are able to do him service in the disclosing and bringing to punishment such Traitors as your self against his Person; and to that end give them his Royal Pardon, in full of all Crimes and Treasons, and grant them *firmam pacem suam*, whereby they become new men, *homines legales*; and consequently lawful Accusers and Witnesses: Will not you allow them so much gratitude, as to lend so great a Benefactor the assistance of their Discovery, and their Testimony for the Preservation of Himself and His Kingdom? 'Tis a common thing at every Gaol-Delivery to pardon a little Rogue to hang a greater. The Pope himself would do what has been done upon the same occasion. For Example, can any man think that *Pius* the 4th. was so ungodly as not to reward those that discovered to him the Conspiracy of *Acotli*: 'twas well for him there were Rogues in the Company, or else it might have cost him his sweet life. You know these things Mr. *Impartial*, well enough, yet such is your ambition to defend a bad Cause, that you will vindicate Treason rather than want honour.

Now for the Circumstances, they do not please him at all. There are none he says, confirm the bare Oath. No! that's strange. There are the Circumstance of Time and Place: there are the Circumstances, of *by such and such a Token*; what would this Treason-varnisher have more? but of that let the impartial Reader be Judge. That's nothing, they are a mere bundle of contradictions, moral impossibilities and nonsense. As how? Here is a Plot forsooth contriv'd by the Papists. Is that such a moral impossibility? 'Tis not the first that they have contriv'd by the first in Queen Elizabeth's Time, by the second in King James's Time, by the third in Charles the first's Time; and now by the fourth in Charles the second's Time. 'Tis their frequent Practice; you

you need not so much wonder at it. But it was as a Time when they had the least or rather no reason to seek changes; the fittest time in the world, when they thought they were most trusted and least suspected. To kill the King; by whose merciful Indulgence they lived in Peace. The more ungrateful Beasts they. But what's that to the purpose? they kill'd two of their own natural Sovereigns; and is it such a miracle they should attempt the Life of a Heretick? To wade through Blood to an uncertain liberty, which they already sufficiently enjoy'd; not so sufficiently neither; they wanted their Abby-Lands; their Priests lay under the Lash of the penal-Laws, and what they enjoyed was onely by stealth. To free themselves from which Bondage, they thought themselves cocksure of one stroke that would have done their business. And for wading in the Blood of Hereticks, 'tis as natural to a *Papist*, as bathing in a cool stream in Summer. Witness the Massacres of *France*, and *Ireland*; the Monuments of their Cruelty all over *Germany*, *Piedmont*; *Q. Maries* Persecutions; and the implacable and merciless cruelty of their Spanish Inquisition. But then to overthrow the Government, for the Re-establishment of which they so frankly in the late Wars expos'd their Lives and Fortunes. This is a fair Story, but a false one. For if there were any that expos'd their Lives and Fortunes in the late Wars, they did it merely for their own ends, for preservation and protection, as less fearing their Episcopal, then their Puritan Enemies. Neither will the Author of *Vindicta Caroli Regis*, who had not a little reason to examine the Popish Loyalty of that Time allow it to be otherwise; nay, he positively asserts it for the true reason. But they were so far from exposing their Lives and Fortunes for the Government, that they as well fought against it in the Field, in so much, that *Salmones*, a Popish Priest, affirms in his History of the Troubles of *England*, that several Popish Priests were found dead among the slain at *Edgill*; and besides that several Roman Catholics serv'd in the Parliament Army. And in one of his late Majesty's Declarations in answer to the Long Parliaments false imputation of his favouring and employing Roman Catholics in his Army, we find these words, *All men know the great number of Papists which serve in their Army, Commanders and others*. So your boasting the *Papists* so frankly exposing their Lives and Fortunes for the late King, is a meer *Rodemontado*, and the contrary is justified by the King himself: nay it is plain by His own words in the same Declaration, that he forbade them to come to his Succour. And therefore let Mr. *Impartial* not think to flatter the Nation with such an officious lye, under the pretence of a moral Improbability.

For 'tis the Roman Catholick Interest in this Nation, that Interest which they can never recede from, not onely to abrogate the penal Laws, and to become capable of employment in the Commonwealth, but to introduce their Religion, restore the Rights of their Church, and extirpate all that they esteem as Hereticks. They that fondly otherwise believe, do but accelerate the ruine of their Religion, and their Country. If there were any that did well, to assist their Prince then, they did as ill now to Conspire his Destruction. Neither is it any reason, because there may be some *Papists* good Subjects, that others may not be as wicked, Which may in part suffice to answer his next wonder. For we have nothing else but wonders and miracles deliver'd for Arguments. Wonders that any man of sense would wonder how they should be wonder'd at, but onely wonder-working Mr. *Impartial*. As for Example, *This Plot*, saith He, *must be carried on by Persons of Quality, most remarkable perhaps for firmness and Loyalty* that perhaps was

well put in; and now through Age and Infirmities, retired from publick business, and weary of this world; that is in English Impeached of High Treason, and locked up in the Tower. Now I would fain know where the wonder lies, that a Plot should be carried on by Persons of Quality. Persons of Quality are most apt to think themselves injur'd; Persons of Quality are most subject to revenge; and Persons of Quality are most able to head Parties and Factions in a Nation. Nay, rather, let Mr. Impartial tell me whereever any Plot was carried on without Persons of Quality? The very Plots of *Simnel* and *Perkin Warbeck* were carried on by Persons of Quality against *Henry the 7th*. There were more persons of Quality in *Bycons Conspiracy*, than *Henry the 4th* would venture to provoke by a present detection.

What was the *Holy League*, while it was private, but a Plot, carried on by the Pope himself, a person certainly of very great Quality, against *Henry the 3d*. And why might not their *Popish Plot* be managed by Persons of Quality, as well as other *Popish Plots*? And if so, why not by the persons of Quality accused, rather than others not accused. The Wonder is how those persons of Quality have escaped their punishments so long as they have done. That's a Wonder makes more people wonder, than will ever admire at Mr. Impartial's silly, simple miracles of Persons of Quality being in a Plot. But then here's another Wonder, That the whole Body of Roman Catholicks, Men before this hour, of known worth, virtue and integrity, and unblemished Reputation, must be all involv'd by Vows and Sacraments in a Design so black and execrable, that God and nature abhor to think of it. Setting aside your Complement to God and Nature, for God we verily believe is displeased with, and nature abhors many foul deeds, which the *Popish* neither abhor, nor are displeased with; the rest of your Wonder, is a meer Hyperbolical Fallacy, as groundless as vanity it self. For the Body of the Roman Catholicks, that is those persons which Mr. Impartial, for his Fear, calls persons of known worth, virtue, integrity, and unblemished Reputation, are the very persons most likely to be combin'd together in this Design, which he has leave from his Employers to call black and execrable; for such is the nature of *Popish Bigottism*; such the insatuated heat of its professors; such the awe and dread of their consciences under the charms of their Priesthood; so pinching and terrible are the Chains of their Oath, such their inbred enmity to Hereticks that the more conscientious and devout they are, they more religiously they believe themselves bound to conceal whatever designs are on foot for the propagation of the *Romish Interest*, and the extirpation of *Hereticks*; so that if Mr. Impartial mean by the whole Body of the Roman Catholicks, those persons whom he calls, men of worth, virtue, integrity and unblemished Reputation, that is, such as the Grand Conspirators thought fit to trust with their Intreague; 'tis but very readily supposed, that such persons should think in any loss of those high Characters which Mr. Impartial gives them; to conceal a design so highly to the advantage of the See of Rome. The whole Body, Mr. Impartial! There is the Juggle of your supposition. We do not believe the whole Body of Roman Catholicks, knew of the blackness and execrableness of your Design; but many were told by their Priests and Confessors, that there was a Design carrying on for the good of the Catholick Cause, and that was necessary to procure the Milk of Contribution. And so far this Nation has all the reason to believe, that the whole Body of Roman Catholicks was concern'd in this Plot. Then for the loss of their honour, and hazard of running themselves and their

their Families; they that were in darkness knew not their danger, and the rest knew there was little hope for had they compass'd their ends, they had had their advantages, and we are too deeply sensible that they had some strange assurances how little they should suffer if they might have been
 He goes on with the mighty wonder, it is no more great wonder that he could be so impudent as to write in *the Plot*, saying, *we have been employ'd for several years to observe the* (Nation) *England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Italy, Spain, Germany, &c.* What a deal of high flown Folly and Fallacy is here! a queer amusing Comedy, a touching piece of calumny, with which, if the *English* *Readers* will let their indignation against the late discover'd Plot be laid asleep, they will not wait for worse. Where are those Mountains of Accusations against all *England*, all *Scotland*, all *France*, all *Ireland*, all *Spain*, all *Germany*? No true *Englishman* can doubt but that for the carrying on the late Plot there were *Roman* Correspondents, *Spanish* Correspondents, *Irish* Correspondents, and for the *French* Correspondents *we have* *many* *satellites*. But to make Inferences from National Accusations, or here never any were, was a *Roman* of Mr. *Impartial*'s own Hyperbolic Poet. And therefore to Mr. *Truth*, whoever undertook to put such fallacious *Humors* and tricks upon the already too much injured *English* *Professors*, in the Vindication of Treason and Villany, deserves more the *Whip* and the *Story*, than those persons he calls *satellites* of *evil*, for no person said out of Hell can be worse than himself. But yet to shew that there may be something that comes very near a National Concealment of a Conspiracy, The Rebellion in *Ireland*, how closely, how cunningly was it managed without the least Discovery till the Kingdom ran with blood, and *Murders* lay in heaps, yet none of all that vast number *back* *any* *remote* for so bloody a Treason, none all that while had the worth, wit or grace to reveal it. This was somewhat hard to be *deceiv'd*, and yet was true.
 Being got into his *Romanes* he cannot get out of 'em, but goes on raving, and still amusing the ignorant with a noise of *Arms* *improbable* for their numbers, which is nothing to the purpose; for all this rattle makes it nothing the less improbable, but that Men engag'd in such Designs of Universal Warfare, intended convenient Levies, and convenient quantities of Arms and Ammunition for those Levies, and therefore it is a thing not so much to be wonder'd at. It is no matter for *Number* or *Quantity*, is the intent of raising Forces against the British Government, and providing Arms and Ammunition for these Forces, and that discours'd of, and consulted upon that makes the Treason out, as effectually in the eye of the Law, as if the Men had bin Levied, or the Money paid into the Lord *Stafford's* hands. So then, the intent of raising Forces, and the actual Raising of Money for Arms and Ammunition being positively sworn, as it was, and all for carrying on this detestable, though detestably indicated Plot, Mr. *Impartial* must not think to bury such a Plot in the Rubbish of his impertinent Railery.
 But he runs on in his Poetical Rapports (a very pretty way of refuting a demonstrated Plot) and cries, *We are told of hundreds of Seal'd Commissions, forays of military Officers, and God knows how many Baskets of Letters and Papers, all containing most Damnable Treason, sent down here up and down at random, some by the Common Post, others by such Messengers as Oates, Bedlow, Dugdale and Dangerfield, who, as we have seen, were all made privy to what was sent.* Understand Sir, once more, that number and quantity signify nothing,

hing, and all your Hyperboles of *Hundreds* and *Bushels* are not worth a Rush. But where is the improbability of granting Commissions? who more fit, or who had greater Authority to grant these Commissions, than the great General of your Religion the Pope, from whom you and the rest of the Conspirators, deriv'd all their power. Dr. *Oates*, whose Testimony your ridiculous *Memoirs*, that have nothing in 'em but defamation and railing, can never invalidate, tells ye of several Commissions that he gave to several persons by name himself. That *Whitchbread*'s Commission together with several Papers and Letters were seiz'd, at the same time that his person was apprehended. At another time *Harcourt*'s Papers were seiz'd, and after that a plentiful Parcel of Letters were publicly printed, full of Cyphers, all relating to the Plot, then add to this, that several of your Seals have bin produced in Court.

More than all this, there was nothing more frequently boasted in the common discourses of the *Papists* at that time one among another, then that the *Roman Catholick Religion* would suddenly flourish in England, that they had considerable Armies raising for that purpose, and that the Lords in the Tower had not only Commissions themselves, but had given out Commissions to several others, *Viz.* One to *Talbot* of *Langford*, another to *Sir H. Benningfield* of *Oxborough*, another to one *Mr. Stancer*, and several others, *Ireland* declar'd in his own Chamber at that time, That there would shortly be fifty thousand men in Arms, and being ask'd for what? *We must have them speedily*, said he, to settle our Religion here, or else all will be ruin'd. Which argu'd, that there were plenty of *Papish Commissions* then in England, where'r is become of them. But *Mr. Impartial*, being a *Protestant*, as he pretends, too easily, 'tis to be fear'd, takes his Employers words. Where is next the improbability that your Packets, tho full of damnable Treason, might not be sent by the Common Post? The King has no Inquisitor that sits in his Publick Office to break open Gentlemens Letters, and examine the Contents. More then that, there was a Packet, and a large one too, sent by the Common Post, directed to *Father Benningfield*, that by a lucky fate to you and your Employers, mist falling into the hands of those that would have made better use of it. Lastly, Where's the improbability that such persons as you strive to defame, should not be trusted by those profound Head-pieces your Employers. They were under the same, as you call'd them, Sacred Oaths of Secresie, and sent to be charm'd with your Idolatrous *Eucharist* thrice a Week. What great Policy had *Vicount Stafford* that he might not trust *Dugdale* so firmly bound? What more than ordinary piercing Wits or discerning Faculties had any of the Lords in the Tower, that they might not trust *Dangerfield* under the same Sacred Obligation? Or what reach above common Women had that busie, Lustful Cellier, she that was your *Payle-raker*, Sir, and not ours, I say, what sublimity of Judgment had she, that she might not trust her so highly gratify'd Favourite? If they were not fit to be trusted, why had they those Oaths of Secresie given them; why were they treated so often with those Holy Morsels at your Chappels? But if those Religious Tyes were put upon them, as most certainly they were, what wonder is it then they should be trusted? Certainly, were they those Rakestrames that the *Worshipful Mr. Impartial* makes of 'em, Solemn Oaths of Secresie and the *Eucharist* go at a cheap rate among the *Papists*, that they should be so often forc'd upon the *Whip'd* and the *Pillory'd*, and the *Infamous*, meerly to be sent to buy Mapps for a *Jesuites* Colledge, or to pick up a *Broken Merchants Debts*. So then it remains, that

these

these persons that could not be other than *Demy-Saints* when they were *Papists*, as having so much *holy Water* lodg'd in their Bodies, are only turn'd Reprobates since they made their discoveries. Which being so plain, it is not to be question'd but that they had opportunities enough to make their discoveries according to their various Trusts and Employments, as being Persons of Quality sacredly bound up by so many holy Obligations as they then believ'd they were. Since then it was impossible that among *Papists* they could be Miscreants, after so much *Purification* and *Sanctification*, tho' without the Kings Pardon, we will make no dispute to justify their Honesty, their Integrity, and their Loyalty now they have obtain'd the Kings Forgiveness. For the *Papists* are to understand, that the King of *England's* Pardon is of greater efficacy to cleanse a man from his offences, than if he should bath in a Tub of Holy Water every day in the Year, and then receive Absolution from ten thousand Lubberly *Priests*. Being then made good men by the high Prerogative of the Kings Mercy, the Fools and Knaves still take the boldness to defame them, they are Witnesses legal, every way justifiable, and not to be disputed against by any good or loyal Subject of the King. And since they have sworn to a Plot wherein they were Actors themselves, design'd to the destruction of the King and Kingdom, the Nation is bound to believe 'em, notwithstanding all the frivolous clamour of the Lord *Staffords* *Memoirs*.

From these and other the like Grounds, the Protestants do infer, That there is no credit to be given to the bare Suppositions of a *Memoir-monger*, scribbling at such a wild and incoherent rate, and so scandalous to the King and the whole Government. And they further appeal to the Judgment of every impartial conscientious man whether it be not more likely that the *Papists*, a People generally of debauch'd and murderous Principles, that bear no Consciences towards Hereticks, persecuted by Penal Laws, allur'd by the recovery of their Abby-Lands, encourag'd and supported by great Interest in the Kingdom, should be induc'd out of their hatred of the Protestant Religion, and for the advancement of their own, which is the *Papists* Interest, to remove the Obstacles of their Happiness by the destruction of a Heretick Prince, and all his most Loyal Subjects, then that a few inconsiderable persons, without any support or encouragement, should dare to create such a bloody and horrid Plot of their own heads, and then venture their lives by daring to justify such a Plot to the face of King, Lords and Commons of *England*, had it bin true, that so many Noble, Prudent, Loyal and Virtuous Persons, as Mr. *Impartial* calls 'em, were not really concern'd in it. No, no, Mr. *Impartial*, had not this horrid, bloody, tho' as you call it absurd and morally impossible Plot bin true, really, morally, unquestionably true, your Employers, who have spent so many Thousand Pounds, besides the plodding, designing, contriving labour of Great and Politick Headpieces, to subdue this Plot, and yet for their souls cannot do it, would soon have trip'd up the Heels of three or four debauch'd wretches, of lost Consciences and desperate Fortunes.

In the next place he comes to *Colman's* Letters, tho' he make but a short stay upon 'em, as finding 'em too hot for his Fingers. He is forc'd to bring forth a Confession, but disliking the Countenance of his *Bras*, he endeavours to murder it again with a piece of sordid Sophistry, so palpable and notorious, that any one but an *Impartial* *Papist* would be ashamed of it. He confesses That those Letters manifestly denote the basis, design, and activity of the Writers; yet so far from confirming *Dr. Oates* Plot, that they directly evince the contrary.

As howe For the whole Subject and contents of those Letters, as a plain and open face of what the Authors intended. And did not then Tryals and Convictions of the Jesuites, and the Lord Stafford himself bear an open face of what the Authors intended. Was not Coleman sent at the Grand Consult, at the House, late Longons Chamber with Harcourt and Widderehead, and others, all Members of Dr. Quins Bldg, ordering money to the Assassines, and giving money to the Messenger, and did not this bear an open face of what he intended, and if what he intended, what the rest of his Correspondents. No, for the Writers were persons who, (had there been a Plot) were the most likely to have been the main Engines and Conductors of it. Whether the main or no is not material; but 'tis plain, they did lend their helping hands and heads to it. No, says Mr. Amphibious again, sorry we do not find one single Syllable in them, from whence they have gathered up such a mass. Look ye Mr. Inverness, you well know, that the Plot discovered by Dr. Owen, was for the destruction of the King, and subversion of his Government. Now then pray what mean those passages in Coleman's Letter, all the Widdereheads supply Work upon our hands, unless that the Conversion of France, England, and by that perhaps the finishing of a Basileus Hercule, which has consumed over a great part of the Northern World, and long since, there were never such hopes of success since the death of Queen Mary, as now in our days to see the opposition we are like to meet with, is also likely to be great, so that it is impossible to get all the Aid and Assistance we can, some vision of a more certain and more certain aid to them.

Again, *Tom Arden* the Emperor and the Pope will have a fair pretence of giving marks of their Friendship to *destr* *the great Design* *facied* *to* *undermine* *the Intrigues* *of the Merchants* *who Trade* *for the Parliament* *and the Religion* *and to Establish* *that of the Affected Catholics* *in every Place*. Here is *Pope and Emperor*, which confirms what *Dr. Oar* swore, as to *Emissaries* being sent into Germany! Here is *destr* *and affected Catholics*, which denotes that the Plot was general. Then there was 100000 Crowns promised by the Pope himself. For what? *to satisfy the imaginary contests and overweening policy of four or five aspiring men*. Sure Mr. Imperial, you could not imagine your Holy Father the Pope to be such a Buffhead. Then observe this Passage: *The reports of a rebellion for England are chimerical, that having been long since disposed of*. By which it is plain, that the Bishopricks of England were disposed of at Rome, in hopes of what? *of the success of four or five aspiring men* *considerable mortals*. And then you see *Coleman* setting up a new Prince, in every part of his Letters, which could not be done without the removal of the present Possessor, which is sworn to have been the intention of your Employers. By all which it appears that *Coleman's Plot*, and the Plot discovered by *Dr. Osnard* till the same, *viz. the destruction of the King, and the subversion of his Government*. And thus you see the Plot which you would have so politically divided, is again coagulated into one. Nevertheless, by the way, let all the world take notice, that it was not only *Knavishly done to cover Coleman's Treason* with the tender Epithites, merely of *base design* and *activity*, but also wickedly done, to infer the innocency of your Employers from so notorious a Falshood. But, Sir, it fares with you, as it does with many a destructive Box, who being taken by the leg in a Trap, is forced to bite off the hampered member to save the rest of his Body. He proceeds next to the Murder of *Sir Edmundbury Godfrey*; to which he puts all his strength, as if he was heading at a Capital; but with what success let all the world judg.

There

There is nothing, says he, with an audacious arrogance, to ~~justify the~~ Death of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey upon the Roman Catholics, but the bare improbable, though gainful Oaths of two infamous persons, Bedloe, notorious for cheats and misdemeanours; and Prance self condemned of falsehood by the testimony of his own mouth. And thus you see still the onely four Props of the Papists defence supposed improbability, scandal, defamation and downright lying. Surely, had Mr. Impartial had ever any reverence for the Lord Stafford's Memory, he would never have stuff'd his *Memoirs* with such gulleries and impostures. As for Bedloe, he is since deceased, however he stood then, by the King's favour, right in the eye of the Law, and therefore here needs no other answer than what has been already given to this state exception of Mr. Impartial. As for Mr. Prance, he, 'tis well known was a person never taxed for his life and conversation, before he was drawn into that vile conspiracy by the charms of those infamous (to return Mr. Impartial his own word again) and more then wicked Popish Priests, who assur'd him, that horrid Fact was meritorious both before God and man, and a deed of charity to do it. And being freed from that Crime, by the King's mercy and his own cordial repentance, he has made no other alteration in his former life and conversation, then in abandoning that hateful Religion that seduc'd him to that misfortune. And for the gain that he got by his Oath, he is ready to bequeath it all to Mr. Impartial for the kindness of his calumnies. There is yet another thing behind. That he condemned himself of falsehood from his own mouth; in which Mr. Impartial, boldly and very unmannerly gives the lye to the whole Court, who upon the Plea of the Murderers themselves, absolutely cleared him of that aspersions. But Mr. Impartial, in this, as in all other things, thinks to carry the day by foul misrepresentation. He ~~finds himself~~, saith he, ~~an Actor in the~~ Murder, and afterwards before the King and Council, unswore what he had said: which is a positive falsehood. For that which Mr. Impartial calls unswearing, was only a bare denial or rather a retracting in these general & abrupt terms: he was innocent, and they were all innocents. His Oath at large was solemnly sworn; the latter under consternation and fear, in a distemper of body and mind. He consider'd the danger of his life after he had made his confession, as having no pardon. He fear'd the revenge of the bloody Priests and Jesuits themselves. He fear'd the loss of his livelihood, which depended upon the work which he had from the Queen. And these were the Circumstances which caus'd that sudden revolt of his reason, and that general retraction, which Mr. Impartial, according to his papistical gift calls a *Profession*, That he knew nothing of it.

But no sooner had he overcome those disturbances of his mind, but he confirm'd his first Impeachment upon Oath; and with repentance acknowledg'd that his retraction was occasion'd by consternation and perplexity of mind: of which he requested the Keeper of Newgate to give an immediate account to the King and Council; who thereupon went accordingly, and declared the same upon Oath; the Prisoner himself then falling desperately sick.

Having thus endeavour'd to sham the World with no less then three apparent fourberies, enter his old Friend Mr. Improbable, like Volpone in the Play. Sir Ed. Godfrey, saith he, was esteem'd a moderate man, and particularly indulgent to the Papists; and 'tis not credible the Papists would murder their Friend. So much their Friend, that when none of the Justices of the Peace would meddle with Dr. Osse's Depositions, he onely adventur'd to take 'em. After

which he himself with his own mouth often declared, how he had bin continually dogg'd by the *Papists*, which caus'd within him strange fears and apprehensions of the danger he was in; in such much that he foreboded of himself, that he, to use his own words, *should be the first Martyr*. Alas! before that time Sir *Edmund* might have walk'd the Streets at all hours of the night; there was no body watch'd him, no body dogg'd him before; but no sooner had the *Papists* received the Alarum of the Discovery, and that Sir *Edmund* had bin so bold as to perform the duty of his Office, and take the Depositions, but he could not stir a foot without a private Lacquey at his Heels, which double diligence and care of his person never ceas'd till they had acted their intended Tragedy. So then the reason that Mr. *Impartial* urges why the *Papists* were not likely to commit this Murder, was the reason why they were most likely to do it. For *esteeming him their friend*, they took it heinously that their friend should be so unkind as to take Depositions against them, and dive so narrowly into their Affairs.

Next the Scene must be (*forsooth*) the Publick-Yard of Somerset-House, a Thorough-fare of continual intercourse. Setting aside the force of that emphatical word *forsooth*, this is all a Story. For Somerset-house Yard, then inhabited by few or none but Priests and *Papists*, at that time of the Year, at that time of night, after nine of the Clock, is well known to be no common Thorough-fare. But it was within twenty paces of the Common-Guards where Watch is kept night and day. How notably he has dropt in the word *it* (for he would fain be thought to tell truth) but then there were no Common-Guards, no Watch day or night, but only a File or two of Souldiers in respect to the Kings Palace, that never watch'd at that time but only at the great Portal, and they well employ'd by the Murderers with Drink and Tobacco; and this is the Truth. Now where would Mr. *Impartial* have had the *Papists* have Murder'd Sir *Edmund* *Grosvenor*, but in a place wholly at their Devotion? Then saith he, *to reign a Quarrel, so call Sir Edmund out of the Street, and yet that neither Passengers, Souldiers, nor Neighbours should observe any thing of the Tumult*, and this he calls, ironically a *Notable Policy*. Oh Sir, 'twas a loving Quarrel, a silent Quarrel, a trapping Quarrel, there was no noise or tumult for Passengers to take notice of, or for any vile neighbours or Souldiers to hear; an amicable Quarrel to inveigle Sir *Edmund*, not so much to appease that Quarrel, but to prevent a further pretended mischief. And so, Sir, it was a *Notable Policy*, especially for well succeeding, and such a one that a *Papist* Priest for all his high-flown Parts, might not be aham'd to own.

But then, *They strangled him with a Handkerchief, a very proper instrument, studied and contrived before hand to strangle a man*. You should have put in *long Sir*, for so 'tis in the Original. I confess, I know not what experience in strangling or hanging Mr. *Impartial* may have, for he assumes to himself to be a great Judge, and yet if he will not believe a *long Handkerchief* to be a proper instrument for the business he may, when he pleases, try the conclusion upon himself.

But then after the business was done, they let him lie expos'd in this open place. And thus the World may see how the concatenation of this fallacious Mr. *Impartial*'s Imposture depends upon meer stories of his own framing. He has expos'd the murdered Carcass, he has expos'd it in an open place. The Priests were no such fools. They had done their work in a by Corner, they had let one to watch at one Gate, another to watch another; and the Street at the

the same time empty. How was this exposing him? 'Tis a thousand pities. Mr. *Impartial* had not bin there, that he might have given a truer and better account of the passages.

This is the strangest way to vindicate a detestable Murder that ever was known, with Whims and Conceits and Imaginations of things done as he would have had 'em done, to contradict one that was personally present, and saw all the Transactions. Here is one swears he saw the Murder committed, where, when, how, and by whom, tells ye the memorable circumstances of thumping his breast, wringing his neck, an intention of running him through with a Sword, and the reason why 'twas not done, lest his blood should betray the Murderer, and that memorable exultation of *Girald* the Priest over his body. Well if we could not have entic'd him here, I resolv'd to have dogg'd him to his own House, and there would have run him through with my own hand. And yet after all this, here comes a *Nicodemus* of a *Skeptic*, and framing absurdities and improbabilities of his own, asks how this could be done, or how 'tis possible. 'Tis very true, had they done, as he pretends they did, they had bin the greatest Coxcombs in the World; but they knew better how to do their work. And then again, it is likely the *Papists* should murder their friend why not, for had he bin their friend, 'tis very probable they would not have murder'd him, but not being their Friend, or rather their great Enemy they did. Certainly the Devil ow'd the *Papists* a shame to see such a *Memoir* made as this at work.

In the next place, he is setting the Witnesses at odds, to see if he can find his dearly beloved friend Mr. *Perjury* among 'em. *Bedlow* says he, *deposeth* Sir *Edmund* was thro't with a *Cravat*. *Prance* swears it was a *Handkerchief*. Oh, I have hit the *Source* of the business. Mr. *Impartial* would have had it spruce Cravat, a fashionable Cravat, a Cravat according to the proper acceptation of the word? (would you have had it lac'd or plain Sir?) for then indeed there might have bin some glimpse of a *Perjury* in calling a *Handkerchief* a *Cravat*. But do but forgive Mr. *Prance* this *peccadillo*, and you shall have the liberty to call any thing of Linnen that a man may wear about his neck, tho it be a sheet, either *Cravat* or *Handkerchief*, which you please. The Names of the *Assassins* cited by *Bedlow* are *La Pluie*, *Pritchard*, *Wells* and others. *Bedlow* nam'd none for *Assassins*, and therefore that's some of your own Coin. He swears indeed that *La Pluie* would have had him have done the business, and proffer'd him Money to do it; but the business was not done by this Gang. For you must understand, Mr. *Impartial*, that there were two Parties so eager were the *Papists* to destroy this poor *Chapman*, their Friend) *Bedlow's* Party, and *Prance's* Party. Now it so fell out that *Prance's* Party were to care for *Bedlow*, and had dispatch'd their business, while *La Pluie* went howling about with his great rewards for a *Chapman*. But when the business was done, both Parties joynd and rejoyc'd together. Now *Bedlow* swearing that his Party were privy to the Concealment, and intended the same thing; and *Prance* swearing that his Party committed the Fact, and there could be no more harmonious Concordance of two Oaths for the impeachment of a wicked Murderer. The Murder was done on the 28th of October 1781, on which day the *Body* was found, and the next day following was *Wednesday*. In opposition to this, he brings the long ago over-look'd assertions of Mrs. *Tilden* and Mrs. *Broadbent*. The sum of whose Te-

testimony was, *That Hill had bin a Trusty Servant, that he never kept ill hours, but always came in by eight of the Clock: that he could not go out afterwards, because the Doors were lock'd up, and that they were constantly up till eleven a clock at night: That the Room where the Body was said to be laid, was not only over against the Dining Room, but that the Key was always in the Door, and that every day they went into it for something or other, and that there was but one Key to the Door.* But Mr. *Impartial* omits how fatally Mrs. *Tilden* trip'd in her Story, when she affirm'd that the Family had never bin out of their Lodging since they came to Town, and being ask'd when they were out of Town, she reply'd in *October*. Upon which the Court told her, *She had spoil'd all, and had undone the Man instead of saving him.* With that she would have recanted, and said, *Why, my Lord, I only mistook the Month.* By which, Mr. *Impartial*, it was apparent, that either her Devotion had stupify'd her Consideration, or that she appear'd in Court only to say what would serve the turn, as having bin lessen'd at your *Swearing-School*.

As for Mrs. *Broad-Street's* Evidence, it was delivered with more confidence than became her Sex. For after she had deny'd that there were more than one Key to the Lodgings, she confess'd before the *Duke of Monmouth*, after Mr. *Prance* had clearly made it out to her face, that there were six or seven. And in the Question about *Hill's* leaving the *Doctors* Lodgings, she had so hamper'd her self, by saying and unsaying, saying one thing, and setting her hand to another, but more especially by her stout averments that the Key was always in *Hill's* Door, that the Court told her, *'Twas very suspicious, if she went so constantly in and out, that she must either hear when the Body was brought in, or see it while it was there;* and further added, *That 'twas well she was not indicted.* And thus you see what excellent Witnesses you have brought to prove contradiction, and this after a Sentence pronounc'd by Judges as wife as your self or any of your Employers. As for the Sentinels that you say kept strict Guard at the great Gate, there was but one could be thought to speak to the purpose. And as for him, to give you plenary Satisfaction, there was strict Order taken with him, that tho' he might see the Sedan carry'd in, he was better employ'd than to see it go out.

And now what may the World think of such a shamming Vindicator, that having taken upon him to vindicate Murder and Treason in the highest degree, and the innocence of the *Papists* under such a bloody Charge of *Horrid Plots*, and *Hellish Treachery*, and following others, as if he had out-done and surpass'd all others that went before him, can find no other way to throw Defamation and Perjury upon the *Kings* Evidence, and to invalidate their Testimonies against a horrid and prodigious Murder, than by making use of the openly trapp'd and as openly rejected Attestations of Female *Papists*, suborn'd by their own Bigotry, and ready to swear any thing, to save their *Papist* friend (an Infamy and Perjury as bad as can be Recorded in any Court of Justice). I say, what may the World think of such a shamming Vindicator as this, but that he would never have stuck to commit the same inhuman act himself: for he that will so openly and so zealously defend a Murder, will never scruple to commit one. And yet after all this, he is so far from having answer'd expectation, that he has not done so much as others of his fellow Penmen. However he has empty'd his Quiver for this bout, and shot all the darts of his Malice against the face of Justice, thinking to have all deform'd her lovely Countenance, but that it proves impenetrable to the yielding

ing weapons of such a feeble Assassinate. Certainly 'tis an impudence beyond impudence it self, to throw *Infamy* and *Defamation* in the faces of Witnesses, and bring nothing but a Tinkers Fardel of Lyes and Forgeries to disprove their Testimony. And as certainly it must be a very bad cause that has no support but the meer invalidation of the Evidence against it; but a worse, that after so much ineffectual toyl and cunning, cannot be able to vanquish the Evidence of 3 or 4 ordinary persons, when their Perjuries are so apparent, and the stress of Criminals Innocence depends so much upon it.

Now to shew you, Sir, what credit is to be given to *Popish* Witnesses when they come to swear in a *Heretical Court*, especially in Points that nearly concern themselves, I will give you now signal Presidents, not of *Madam Imperinents*, or *Mrs. Confidences*, but of the Fathers of your Church, holy, pious, worthy Men, Saints by this time. The one in the cause of *Newnam Abby* then in *Chancery*, *Martin* the *Jesuit* Trustee Plaintiff, and *Savage* Defendant, about the Year, 1671. Wherein those *Reverend Fathers*, *Whitebread*, *Harcourt* and *Charles Poulton* now Provincial of the *English Jesuits*, came in as Witnesses in their own Cause, and under assumed Names and Disguises, very briskly swore for themselves. And no longer since then in *December* last, the *Reverend Father Barton*, a *Jesuite*, took a Journey from *Leige* to *London*, and swore under the borrowed name and person of—*Colborn* for the *Jesuits*, in another cause now depending also between the King and the *Jesuits*.

Nay more than this, the time was here at *London*, and that not long ago, when some of your Employers kept a *Swearing-School*, and a *Perjury-Master*, at what time the *St. Omers* Youths were taught and lesson'd to damn their souls at the last Tryals of *Langhorn* and the *Jesuits*, the effects of which appear'd in open Court, to the shame and derision of their Instructor. And it may be very probably from hence presumed, that they who had one, have many more of the same kind, or that they will not scruple to erect 'em when they have occasion. So that 'tis the Opinion of most men, that it had bin much more honourable and advantagious to the *Popish Religion*, for that Noble Gentleman to have kept a Vaulting School. And yet the Discoverers of your Villanies must be rogu'd and raskall'd with Perjuries of all sorts by *Perjury-Doctors* and *Perjury-Abettors*, *Traitors*, *Plotters* and *Assassinates*, ten times worse than ever they were, when at the worst. Here Mr. *Impartial*, for ought I find, no better than the rest, to vindicate the *Papists* from a Murder, the most barbarous that was ever committed, has brought a company of Flams and Stories, *how can it be's*, and *how is it possible's*? and such kind of plausible rissraff; he should do well to have taken Mr. *Prance's* Narrative in his hand, and to have spent his Lamp and his Labour in confuting the concatenated Circumstances of the Murder, which I will defie ever a *Jesuite* in *England* to contrive with such a face of probability had they not bin true. Which because Mr. *Impartial* has not done, to find him work for new *Memoirs*, and to quicken the Memory of the Nation, I will set them down with as much brevity as I can, and then let the World judge between his Shams and the reality of the Murder committed by the *Papists*.

The Charge is, That the barbarous Murther of Sir Edmandbury Godfrey, was committed by the Papists, Prov'd by the Oath of Mr. Prance, who was an Actor in the whole Contrivance, and relates the matter briefly thus: He tells ye first the reasons that engag'd the Conspirators to design the Murther.

Because he was a buse man, and was going about to ruine all the *Catholicks* in *England*; and that it was necessary to destroy him, else they were all undone.

For he had examin'd people against them, and had got Depositions to fix odious Crimes and Scandals upon them and their Religion.

Next the motives that induc'd him into the Conspiracy. *Girald* told him, it would be a piece of good service to the Church; that it was no sin, but a work of charity; that it was no murder, but for the good of the Church, and the glory of God, and therefore he ought to do it.

The murder being agreed on, he comes to the manner. That about Saturday the twelfth of October, *Green, Hill*, and *Girald* dogg'd him from his first going out, all the rest of the day till about six or seven at night, at what time they fixed him in a House in *S. Clements*. That then *Green* came to him, and missing him at home found him at a publick House, and bid him hasten down to *Somerfet-yard*; which he did, and there found *Berry* and *Kelly* together, where they continu'd, till *Hill* came running to them, and told them *Sir Ed.* was coming. Upon which they prepar'd for their Work. In order to which *Kelly* and *Berry* pretended a quarrell, while *Hill*, who was well-known to *Sir Ed.* watch'd for him at the Gate to drill him in. That *Sir Edmund*. at first refus'd, but at length was overperswaded, and went in. That thereupon *Hill* enter'd first, *Sir Ed.* next, and behind him *Girald* and *Green*. That being now sure of him, *Prance* went to watch the *Water-Gate*, and *Berry* to watch the passage up the stone-stairs. That as *Sir Ed.* was going toward the pretended Quarrellers, *Berry, Kelly* and *Green* threw a long twitted Handkerchief about his Neck; and then immediately *Girald, Kelly, Green* and *Hill* fell upon him, threw him down and throttled him; and drawing him behind the Rail, gave him several punches upon the Breast with their Knees. That after all this, fearing he was not yet quite dead, *Girald* would have run his Sword through him but was not permitted, lest they should be discover'd by the Bloud; however that *Green*, to make sure, wrung his Neck round.

Next as to the disposal of his person, the *Relator* tells ye, that they carried the Body in at the door right against the place where he was murdered, and so up such a pair of stairs, into such an entry, into such a Lodging, where *Hill* was concern'd, and opened the door; then up five or six steps into a little Room on the right hand, where they set the Body with his Head leaning against a Bed. That the Body lay there till Monday-night, and was then remov'd into another Room, for fear notice should be taken of keeping the other so long private. That on Tuesday at Night they would have remov'd him back to *Hill's* Chamber, but he going before, and finding some Body there, they were forc'd to carry it to another Room on the left hand. From thence about nine a Clock on Wednesday-night they remov'd it again to *Hill's* Lodging, by a memorable token, that *Prance* coming, that way, and they not knowing who it might be, they left the Body, and began to run away, till *Prance* calling to them, and they knowing his voice came back, all but *Berry*, who run quite to his Lodg. That there they consulted the carrying him into the Fields, and laying him in the posture he was found, which was done in a Sedan. That *Berry* open'd the Gate upon a *humm*; having before invited the Souldiers into his Lodg with Drink and Tobacco. That *Girald* and *Prance*

To all Persons of true Integrity, whether this were not a holy cheat beyond gaulding of shillings? The one is but a breach of a single Statute, the other perverts the whole course of Justice, and scoffs at the whole Law of the Land. Yet these, and their Defenders, are they that would defame and perjure the Kings Evidence, that will not allow the King the Privilege of his Mercy. Those are They that reclaim'd against the ill Life and Conversation of Dr. Oates; who if he were at any time guilty of those things wherewith they taxed him; we know now from whence he learnt 'em.

carried him to the end of *S. James's Street*. Then *Kelly* and *Green* took him up, and carri'd him through *King Street*, and *Rose Street* to *Long Acre-end*. That then the two first carri'd him as far as the *Grobian Church*, where they met a Horse. That there they set him upon the Horse, by this Token, that when he was mounted, *Gerald* uttered these Words, *I wish we had a hundred such Rogues as secure as this*. Then *Hill*, *Gerald*, *Kelly* and *Green* went away with the Body, one leading the Horse, two walking by, one on each side, whilst *Hill* held him on before.

There are also several material Post-circumstances; That upon the News of the Body being found, one *Vernass*, who should have been concerned in the murder, but was absent, being at the Tavern with *Mr. Prance*, said to him, *Lord! is this mans Body found already, that was carried away but yesternight*. That *Girald* gave an exact account in writing to the said *Vernass*, who read the same to one *Zedeson* a Priest, that should also have been concern'd in it, but mis'd, at the *Georgenear the Stocks-Market*. Afterwards at one *Cusne's* at *Bow* to one *Dethick* that liv'd not above a mile from the place, and was sent for to rejoyce for the blessed news over a Barrell of Oysters, and a Dish of Fish.

Thus *Mr. Impartial*, I have lighted a Candle to your dark objections. And now, Sir, how do you like the Story? Do you not want a Cordial to relieve your sinking spirits? Does not the ghastly apparition of such frightful Circumstances strike a terrour to your souls? Could any but a Papist, the Friend of Massacre, believe, that so many Circumstances of Persons, manner, time, place, and words, besides by tokens, all cohering together, yet all the acts of several days, be so readily contriv'd by a poor man in affliction, under consternation dismay'd, and temper'd, to be as readily, and so particularly deliver'd in a verbal confession, before so awful an Assembly as the King of Three Kingdoms, and His Great Council, had not Truth solely taken upon her the conduct of his utterance. Truth that needs not none of your Frame-work-weaving, *Mr. Impartial*, to cover over the stains of Blood so unhumanely shed with old objections, and studi'd absurdities now trimm'd and furbish'd. After all this, *Mr. Prance* was penitently direct and positive as to all the places where the murder was committed, and where the Body was convey'd, at what time the *D. of Monmouth*, the *Earl of Ossory*, and *Sir Robert Southwell* were order'd to take a particular account from him upon the place. And therefore *Mr. Impartial*, your best way would have been to have spar'd these loud cries of *Nonsense* and *Aburdities*, and to have true *Champion like*, outdar'd, outbourn'd, outbrav'd, outfac'd the world, that there never was any such person as *Sir Edmund Godfrey* upon the face of the Earth; and that he never was, or ever shall be born. Then your *St George-ship* had slain the Dragon with a vengeance: Where are old *William's* Protestations, Imprecations, and bold summonings of God to witness the innocence of the Papists. Had yee no more powerful charms than these to conjure down the walking Ghost that is torment your quiet? Here a murder suffocated indeed by a Crown of a Hero? which the dexterity of a deluded Virgin would have done more artificially. For still, by silly justifications, it appears far sower than ever. All the *Windsor* Protestations of suffering Malefactors, whether persons of meaner rank, or *Lords*, cannot wash off this bloody stain, mangle all your suborn'd *Abogassys* and other deep-laid Contrivances, then let it lie on, and it will, as long as History can utter to the world the Story of this Age. Certainly, Villany and Impudence were never so unluckily coupled since the Creation. Villany to

commit, impudence to justify the most prodigious of Crimes. But so Heaven order'd it, That this unfortunate Gentleman should fall by the bloody hands of those that seek the Nations ruine, to awaken the drowsie Kingdom, whenever it should grow careless of its safety. How much then does it concern all *True Protestants* to be careful and vigilant, when they see the Papists so sedulous to exercise into perpetual oblivion the murder of that Person, whose Body Heaven permitted them to sacrifice, that so his Soul might be, as it were, one of the Guardian Angels of their Safety and Religion.

In the next place he endeavours to complement the *Two Houses of Parliament* out of their Honour, their justice, their reason, their understanding, their prudence, and all that advances the Lustre, the Grandeur, and the high Reverence due to the most Aweful, and most Renowned Assembly under Heaven; telling them with a fawning — snarle, (*with all due submission to the Government in defence of the Innocent*) That it is not impossible, nor altogether without President, That a lawful Authority proceeding *secundum Allegata & probata* should be abused; and consequently drawn into a mistake by the malice and perjury of wicked men. How meanly, how lowly, does this *Musbrom* of a *Memoir-monger*, after his sneering complement, think of the Lords and Commons of England? That which good manners would not impose upon an ordinary Sessions of Oyer and Terminer, he most audaciously throws upon the *Two Houses of Parliament*; weakness and mistake, and to be cajoll'd by the malice and perjury of wicked men. After so many daily Debates and Consultations; after so many sittings and scannings of charge and proof the high wisdom and prudence of the *Two Houses of Parliament* was led away by weakness and mistake to give credit to the malice and perjury of three or four inconsiderable, malicious and wicked men; and so to proceed to the effusion of innocent Blood. What is this, but to charge the *Two Houses of Parliament*, either with folly, or impiety, the most egregious in the world. An indignity for the Nation not to endure. There is no question to be made, but that Mr. *Impartial's allegata & probata*, all his *Probables* and *Improbables*, all his contradictions and absurdities were duly way'd and ponder'd with all the thoughtful diligence and sedulity, that justice and conscience could invent. Which not being to be call'd into doubt, there is no reason in the world for the Nation to believe that so much justice, so much conscience, so much elaborate prudence could err. The truth of which he himself confirms, while he brings an Argument to undermine their Reputation, by saying, *All have not been convicted who were impeached and try'd at the Bar; but as some have been condemned, so others have been acquitted.* Which apparently shew'd the equality and impartiality of their Proceedings, and that they were not in quest of innocent Blood, but onely sought the deserved punishment of those that were guilty. And therefore for such a Flyblow of a pretended Protestant to go about to taint the honour and justice of the *Two Houses of Parliament*, whom he confesses so fair in their Proceedings, was an unparallel'd piece of arrogance, then which nothing more confirms the truth of the Plot, and the Crimes of his Employers. So that he might have reserv'd his crafty Cringes, and his *Presidents* for some High German Senate of *Mum brewers* in the Land of *Brandenburgh*.

Lastly, to excuse the Instances given of Popish Malice, and Bloudiness from the Examples of *Q. Maries Cruelties*, the *Irish Barbarism*, the *French Massacre*, &c. he recriminates upon the Protestants in *Germany*, *France*, *Bohemia* and *Holland*. But that is not the Point, for there is a great difference between a Massacre, or a Persecution, and a War, though it be a Rebellion; where

wherein there are preceeding expostulations, something of a seeming or pretended claim or grievance; but in Massacre or Persecution there is nothing but propense Villany and impiety. Had the *Christians* bin in Arms against their Emperors, they could not have bin call'd Persecutions, and the *Christians* had bin in the wrong; but as they were Persecutions, we find how infamous they have render'd those Emperors. Rebellions are headed by Persons of high Quality, as the *Dutch* by the Prince of *Orange*, a free Prince of the Empire, that in *France* by the *Coligny's*, and consequently reduc'd into a formal Hostility. Massacres are only tumultuary Riots and Surprises of the Innocent. Rebellion pretends a seeming Provocation, but Massacre destroys without exception of Sex or Age, those that dream'd no harm. So that nothing can be more foul, more wicked, more malicious, more spiteful, more inhuman, more faithless, treacherous and destructive to the bonds of Human Society. And this is the Charge we lay upon the *Papists*, besides that of Rebellion. For if we should muster up the Rebellions of the *Papists* against their Princes, they are innumerable, and frequently authoriz'd by the Pope himself.

As for that same execrable Murder of the Late King *Charles* the Second, of Blessed Memory, as it was never committed, so it was never own'd, but always condemn'd and abominated by all the true Professors of the *Protestant* Religion. It was the nefarious Act of a nefarious Usurper, who having at his Devotion an Army, which he had long headed with a successful and daring Conduct, took the opportunity, when the Nation was quite tyr'd out with an intestine War of near Twenty Years standing, as it were to conquer the whole Kingdom, to seize and murder his distressed Sovereign, and instead of a King to make himself a Tyrant. All this the *Protestants* lamented and bewailed, while the Tyrant, having like *Otho* and *Vitellius* unjustly invaded the Imperial Dignity, environ'd with and engag'd and well pay'd Hodge-podge of *Veteran Levellers*, *Fisimbonarchy-men* and such like *Enthusiasts*, (not worth the name of *Protestants*) and ador'd only by those that sought more the preservation of their unlawful Purchases, then the good of the Kingdom, trampled not only over all true Religion, but Morality.

But should we number up the Murder of Kings committed by *Papists*, we should find more then one. *Richard* the 1st. and *Edward* 2^d. were both Depos'd and Murder'd by their *Papist* Subjects. *Henry* the 1st. *Henry* the 4th. of *France* were both murder'd by the Contrivance of their *Papist* Subjects, and openly justify'd by the Priests of that time; nay the Murder of the one was applauded even by the Pope himself in a Publick Harangue. What does your Worship think of the Emperour *Henry* the Seventh, who was by a *Predicant Frier* of the Order of *St. Bernard*, murder'd with a piece of the *Eucharist* sop'd in Poyson? By which the Monk evinc'd two things, the impiety of the *Papist* Religion, and the folly of *Transubstantiation*, as if the *Real Body of Christ* could be capable of such a damnable Infection.

The Emperour *Frederick* the Second was Excommunicated by *Gregory IX.* with that Impudence that the Cardinals themselves were asham'd of it, and express'd their dislike, and tho that Pope dy'd, yet the *Papal* sedw continu'd, so that at length the Emperour was depos'd at the Instance of *Innocent* the Fourth. History affords plenty of Examples to this purpose, but these may suffice for the present. After all which, Mr. *Impartial*, I must be bold to tell you, that notwithstanding all your nonsensical *improbables* and *absurdities* you have endeavour'd to defend the *innocent*, like a fool to your friends, and to asperse and calumnize the Kings Evidence, like a Knave and Betrayer of the Religion you profess.

Having gone thus far, we might well here make a Conclusion, in regard that all that follows is a meer precarious huddle of Impertinences, built upon a sandy Foundation. For the Certainty of the Late Horrid Plot being still unshaken, and the Legality and Credit of the Witnesses undeniable, there needs no further Argument to evince the Lord *Stafford's* guilt, and the Justice of his Condemnation, for that the one could not be just unless the other were true, nor the other true unless the other were just. By which means, Mr. *Impartial* hath brought himself into this Noose, that either he is in the right, and the embody'd Justice and Prudence of the Nation were in the wrong, or that the embody'd Justice and Prudence of the Nation are in the right, and then he deserves to suffer severely for his boldness. However, because there still remains behind some dashes of his malice continu'd upon the Witnesses, and some sprinklings of his Venome yet remaining, with which he endeavours to bedew the unpotted Reputation of those highly learned and most worthy Gentlemen that manag'd the Tryal, the pursuit of his lame Story engages me to make some Remarks upon the most encroaching and plausible Passages of his arrogant Raillery. For the whole *Plot* and *Design* of his *Fanatic-like* Pate, is rather to ridicule and puzzle than evince the Truth.

To leave the rest then, to mind their own Affairs, he assails the Dr. the chief Eye-sore of his *Papistical* Tribe, with his old, rusty Weapons of *Absurdity*, *Perjury* and *Contradiction*.

First then, by way of premising, let me put this Question to the whole Kingdom, why Mr. *Impartial* should presume to put a greater value upon the Testimony produc'd on the behalf of the Lord *Stafford*, than the Witnesses that gave Evidence against him. Since Mr. *Impartial* can never prove that ever the *Protestants* kept a *Swearing-School*, under the quaint instructions of a *Perjury-Master*, as he and his Gang did. In which 'tis shrewdly suspected that there might be many more Disciples brought up than the Youths of *St. Omers*: of whose industrious Education I would refer my self, were it proper, to the Judges themselves that sat upon the Tryals. Nay, was it not very pretty, that the Master himself should be present too, to hear how well his Pupils had profited under his Instructions? Of how little value Oaths and Perjury are among the *Papists* is well known. Nay we find in that undoubted History of the Council of *Trent*, the Pope commanding the Emperor to perjure himself, and break his Oath sworn to the *Protestants* of *Germany*, tho' for the Publick Repose of that vast Continent. So then if *Papish* Princes may Perjure themselves for the Popes pleasure, dare the meaner Rabble refuse to Perjure themselves when their Priests shall hold it necessary? And thus the *Papists* having invalidated the credit of their own Testimony, by that unsanctified custom of keeping *Swearing-Schools*, there is as much reason to believe that the Lord *Stafford's* Witnesses were forsworn as Dr. *Oates*. Nay far more; for they were not only not believ'd, but frequently were found out, and rejected with ignominy; Dr. *Oates* always still steady to the Truth, always gain'd Credit to his Testimony. So then all true *Protestants* being to take notice, that there is little credit to be given to the *Papish* Witnesses, who may perjure themselves to day, and be Absolv'd to morrow, and that their own Representatives have given great Credit to Dr. *Oates*, we shall now proceed to the Reflections themselves, observing this by the way, That 'twas the Perjury of *Ladislaus* King of *Poland* and *Hungary*, in obedience to a clamorous Pope, that lost him the Bartel of *Varna*, and extended the Dominion of the *Turk*, almost to the Walls of *Vienna*. In

In the first place Mr. *Impartial* wonders That the Priests had no more plausible or less dangerous Argument to convert a Protestant Minister, than by telling him the Church of England was upon its last legs, from whence he infers That surely they took the Doc. for some notorious Fool or Knave. It may be they might, what then? Fools and Knaves are no such contemptible Instruments to carry on a Plot. This one may be impos'd upon, the other wrought upon. A bigottiz'd Papish Fool may become Fool hardy, and then he is fit for any mischief; and for a Knaves, you cannot, Mr. *Impartial*, but know your self what use may be made of such a one. But suppose they thought him a very honest Man, and that out of that confidence, they did open their hearts to him a little; nay I will put ye one supposition more, suppose they had call'd a Cup of the Creature, 'twas no such Miracles to tempt a Young Man with the hopes of Preferment. All this while these are only Suppositions, know that you should extract Perjury from the Suppositions of your own Brain, and a strange piece of Chymistry.

Your next wonder is, that the *(Sorish Careless) Jesuits*, should trust a Neophyte with all their most damnable Intreagues, as the adventures of Pickering's Flint, Whipping, Thirty thousand Masses, &c. the discovery of Fiddlers City, and introducing Chimerical Armies, French, Irish, Spanish, &c. Truly Mr. *Impartial*, you are in a very pleasant humor, though I'm afraid, Your laugh bears one side of your mouth. But now suppose they did, suppose those sorish, careless Jesuits did trust this Neophyte, how can you help it? you must blame the sorish, careless Jesuits, not him. And yet he was no such Neophyte neither, they had try'd him and trusted him, long before they trusted him with these Damnable Intreagues you speak of. Beside they had his Conscience under the Lock and Key of an Oath of Secrecy. Truly Mr. *Impartial*, in my Opinion you are too merry with these Damnable Intreagues. For 'tis as probable that a Villain might seek an Opportunity as well to shoot as to stab a Prince; and if Providence order'd the prevention of mischief, must you laugh at that? As little reason have you, Mr. *Impartial*, to make Chimerical Armies the sport of your little Wit. For so you may call them Chimerical, out of the abundance of your fancy, yet the intent of raising Armies, and the promises and expectations of Foreign Assistance were not onely sworn by the Doctor, but evidently demonstrable out of Coleman's Letters, and therefore you must not think to cheat the World by burlesquing Guilt into Innocence.

But then the Dr. Deposeth that some of them were so desperately mad, as to Preach Treason to a company of Boys. You trifle with the World, Mr. *Impartial*, and think to fright People with Rattles and Gewgaws. As if it were such a strange thing that a Jesuite, within the Walls of his own Seminary, before a Society with which he was well acquainted, before Youths under the aw of their Superiours, and bred up in the same Principles that he Preach'd, and this too out of the Kings Dominions, should be afraid to declare Treason, and to abuse and villify a Prince under Excommunication, and Depos'd by the Authority of Rome. All men of understanding know that the Treason then utter'd, was accounted no Treason where it was taught. You would believe a man that should swear he saw St. Dominic take a Capar from the top of St. Peter's Church over the Moon, and light upon the top of Teniffabdyr will not believe that a craven Jesuite should crouch upon his own Dughill against a King, at the same time Un-King'd by the Grand Disposer of Kingdoms, the Teacher's Idol, and your adored Sovereign, the Pope.

His last Wonder, and which methinks, I see him with his Hands and his Eyes lifted up to Heaven, looking upon with most amazing Astonishment, is the most nonsensical and ridiculous of all. For it centers in this, That the Dr. feigned himself a Roman Catholick to make discoveries for the preservation of the Kings; yet though he knew the King to be in so many and hourly dangers and hazards of his Life, he did not presently cry out *murder upon the Lords Anointed*. From whence he would infer, that all the Dr. has sworn concerning the Plot is damnable Perjury. Where were you, Mr. Impartial, when the Lord Stafford was Tri'd, that you did not run with your Budget, and spread these weighty Objections before his Judges? You are certainly guilty of his Death, for not lending him your assistance in such a Time of Distress. But I find you are a politic man, and suffer'd the Lord Stafford to lose his Head, that you might have the Honour to write his *Memoirs*. Now to the Point. Because the Dr. did not make his Discovery so soon as he ought to have done, but did it as soon as possibly he could, therefore the Dr. is *perjur'd*. Have you been in Labour, Mr. Impartial, this three years, to bring forth such an Abortive piece of Nonsense as this? This is true *Heraclitus-like* indeed, to make sportive Comments upon the intended Assassination of a Sovereign Monarch; and then to infer, because the Discovery was not made so soon as it should have been, that therefore the Discovery was nothing but *Forgery and Perjury*. 'Tis well known with what difficulties the Dr. met, when he made his Discovery: And for him to have made it, before he was well arm'd with Proof, (the thing which Mr. Impartial would have had him done) was to have sacrific'd the Kingdom and himself to a certain Destruction. 'Twas not for him to cry, like a frantick, *murder upon the Lords Anointed*, where there were so many ready to have stopp'd his mouth. Had he discover'd and fail'd, you would have made him *perjur'd* indeed. And therefore since providence has order'd it for the best; 'tis not for any mortal Miserable to fix Obloquies and Perjuries upon the Disposal and Governance of the Almighty from strain'd Surmises, farfetch'd Suppositions, and sportive Burlisques upon Impiety.

Having thus done with your particular and punie Essay, I will say somewhat in General. The World cannot but take notice, that all your endeavour is to lay the stress and weight of your malice and fury upon the Doctor: He is the chiefest mark of all your envenom'd Arrows. Let him alone, if he be such a *perjur'd* Monster, he'll fall of himself.

The Heathens themselves will tell yee,

There is no avoiding the vengeance of Heaven. In the mean time to fling and kick and wince to no purpose; to bring Evasions, Flams, Flashes and Stories; to Bribe, to Suborn, to set up Swearing Schools, to Defame and Scandalize, to cry out Perjury, Nonsense, Absurdities, Improbabilities; These are not Waies to clear the Innocent, but rather Demonstrations of the Treason pretended to be vindicated. You have some reasons to believe that you have now some particular advantages over the Dr. and therefore you take the opportunity to hunt him quite down. The pitiful Wretch so contemn'd & dispis'd by the *Benedictine Rabbits*, and *Jesuitical Flamins*, must be trod upon, and die the death of a Worm, because he out-witted their Cunning. The most convincing Argument of his Integrity, that such *Goliaths* of Policy and Reason, as They, should fall by his Imbicillitie.

Now

Now all this stir and Turmoyl, is to prove the Dr. *perjur'd*. Which makes me to admire that Mr. *Impartial*, and the rest of his Fellow Jesuites, who account themselves the Topping Order of the Catholick Religion, and conceit themselves to have engross'd all the Learning in the World into their Societies, should so grossly mistake themselves, as to err in the very foundation of their Design. I cannot therefore apprehend 'em to be such Bugbears as they are, but that it is onely the fond Opinion of our deluded Genery, that causes them to throw their Children into the Bosom of their Education. Rather I take Mr. *Impartial* and them to be like our Splitters of Causes, who onely study the Snaps and Quirks of false Practice, but know little of the Fundamentals and Body of the Law; and that as they study onely the Knavish part of the Law; so these onely study the Knavish part of Divinity, that is how to cheat and amuse by vertue of their Profession. Now then for Mr. *Impartial*, to go about to prove a man *perjur'd*, before he had asserted what Perjury was, is a very preposterous way of defending the Innocent. A *Perjurer*, then, is one, *that swears wilfully and wickedly against the opinion and judgment of his heart*. So that there is a great difference between *Perjury* and *swearing false*. A *perjur'd* Person is one, who wilfully and willingly swears a false thing. But he who swears false, does not do it with an intention to deceive, but because he believes the thing so to be. *Non falsum jurare est perjurare, falth Cicero, sed quod ex animi sui sententia, sicut verbis concipitur more nostro, id non facere perjurium est*. Now the Dr. swore there was a Plot, as knowing it to be really true, *examini sui sententia*, but as to Circumstances, he onely swore as believing them to be so, *ita rem se habere*. So that it being impossible to impute *animum decipiendi* to the Dr. from bare surmises and conjectures; fram'd impossibilities and absurdities, which have no efficacy to force belief, but are left indifferent, as not being the Subject of Reason, but of Passion and Interest, so is it much more impossible (if there may be degrees of impossibility) to infer *Perjury* from the trifling shifts and Evasions of guilty Iniquitie, which sort of managing the defence of the Innocent does but discover the Vermin in the Snare, and carries such a Face of guilty Fallacy, that while Men observe the doublings and elusive flights of the Writer, rather to disintangle, then justifie his dear Friends, it loses the reputation of a Defence, and becomes rather an Accusation than a Vindication.

This is also a most observable Circumstance on the Drs. side, that he has accus'd no man *hand over head*, as Mr. *Impartial* calls it, but charges one with one thing, another with another, as he knew they acted in their several Sphears of Treason and Mischief. Which Charges being afterwards prov'd by other Persons that the Dr. had never seen or heard of in his Life, and centring exactly as he had fixed the Delinquents in their Employments, proves that the Dr. was not so little acquainted with the design as they would fain pretend him to be. And therefore let Mr. *Impartial* get his *Memoirs* Translated as soon as he pleases; and send them abroad with all the speed he can; certainly the rational part of the World must believe, that it had been impossible for Dr. Ores to have born up his head in the publick Face of the World, to have stood the strict Examination of a wise and discerning Monarch, His Council and His Parliaments; which implies all the Prudence, Judgment, Policy and Justice of the Nation, had not his Discovery been absolutely true; which could never have been so, had he been deceiv'd in the Persons of the Actors. Unless there be any so stupidly Brutish as to believe, that the King and the whole Flower of the Nobility and Gentry of the Nation were in a Conspiracy
with

with Dr. Otis against a Company of Tatterdemallion Jesuites, and half a dozen Popish Lords and their deluded Associates, who might all have been buried among the forgotten Crowd, had not they like the firer of the *Ephesian* Temple made themselves famous by their Infamy.

I may add this farther for the Drs. Reputation, and the Papists Shame; who though they continually tax him with *Vice* and *Debauchery*, could never yet charge him but it prov'd to their treble disadvantage. Once they brought a ridiculous evidence from *Hastings*, which was exploded in open Court, and when that fail'd, not being able to find out any thing more, they fell to their old Trade of Subornation; and purchas'd the Release of Rake-Hells out of Jail to taint him with the hazard, if not the Eternal loss of their Souls. Surely, had the Dr. been so openly vicious, they did very ill to stain their own Reputation so foully to fully his.

And now he comes to his Observations upon the Tryal it self; to which there needs little or no answer to be given, as being a ridiculous piece of Popery, scurrilous Mels of Instances and Inferences, Contradictions and Absurdities, Evasions and impertinent Cavils handed into the world by a pretended Protestant in defence of the Papists; and all depending upon a precarious Supposition, that our Witnesses are perjur'd, and his not. In short, a mischievous *Avernus* of Fallacy and Impudence, exhaling nothing but Scandal and Reproach against his Sovereign and his Applauded Government. And indeed, if we consider his own words, the daring Mr. *Impartial* has given such an answer to himself, that had he not been blinded with some ponderous Bribe, or deeply engag'd in the fatal Concern that threatens both his own and his Employers Heads, might have stopp'd the Career of his extravagant Pen, while he himself gives the rational world all the sufficing satisfaction can be imagined. For he acknowledges the whole Process was heard before a *High Authority*, *Illustrious Judges*, and an *August Assembly*. And so most certainly it was. For there was His Majesty Himself every day present; the Greatest Peers of the Nation were the Judges; and there was a full Assembly of the Lords and Commons of *England*. Now whether these were not competent Judges of Perjury, Contradiction and Absurditie—I am forc'd to stop; because Human Invention can say no more. Earth could afford no more: unless his Lordship expected that some Court of Angels should have descended on purpose from Heaven. Howsoever, he had those to hear and determin his Cause to whom Sacred Writ has attributed the solemn Character of Divinity: And yet all this will not satisfy Mr. *Impartial*, nor his Crew of Diabolical Papists. Diabolical in this, that they will be continually spurning against Terrestrial Majesty, in imitation of their Grand Master in perpetual enmity with the Majesty of Heaven. But on these the Viper dares not fasten his envenom'd Teeth; and therefore he endeavours to nip the Reputation of those Learned and Noble Gentlemen that manag'd the Tryal, that from the wounds of their Honour he might draw a Tincture to varnish the Horrid Deformity of the Plot, and besmear the Justice of *Staffords* Condemnation. For of them he says, *that nothing was omitted, nothing neglected, but every the least Circumstance enforced and advanc'd to its full proportion; with such a vigour of wit and industry, &c.* As if they had laid aside their consciences, and made use of all their wit, their industry, and their eloquence merely to advance false Accusation and Perjury. For this is the clear Exposition of Mr. *Impartial's* wicked Insinuation. We'll take the rest in their order. The Lord *Stafford* had brought evidence to testify, That *Dugdale* before his Discovery, had deni'd, and with

Ex-

Exclamations forswore any knowledge of the Plot, which the Managers find was no objection. For he swore it at a time when he never intended to reveal the Plot, and was in danger of Life; but that afterwards he chang'd his mind, and discover'd all to *Saunder* and others, whom

To this Mr. *Impartial* answers, That *rien de plus* so palpable a Perjury should be so lightly evaded. And thus Mr. *Impartial*, casting a mist before his own eyes; for he cannot surely chuse but know what Perjury is, throws a most heavy aspersions upon the Sanctity of the most illustrious Judges of the World, that they slightly pass it over as a palpable Perjury. Now how does he make it out? By crying, *this is a criminal design*? meaning that of the Managers. Yes it was. For *Dugdale* denying the Plot before he intended to discover it, though with Imprecations, was onely *Pecunia in foro Conscientia*, not determinable by the Law; and 'tis the Law that must tell you what Perjury is. Did *Dugdale* deny the Plot upon his Oath before the King and Council; and upon the same Oath affirm it again? Had you prov'd that, you had said something. Otherwise you have done nothing, but brought your *Impartialship* under the Lash of the Law, which indeed, Mr. *Impartial*, you mightily deserve; for your Crime is heinous.

In the next place, he charges the Managers with common *Sophisms* and weak *Objections*. And yet but now they were the most Eloquent and Witty Men in the World. Here's more work for the stripes of the common Hangman; for certainly such illustrious Judges knew better what belong'd to common *Sophisms* and weak *Objections*, than such an *Annal* of a *Memoir-monger*, as Mr. *Impartial*. And besides, Sir, you don't know, but my Lord's Servants have been at the *Swearing-School*. For proof of which, 'tis notorious in the printed Tryal, how *Furness* was trapp'd by the Lord High Steward and himself. B.

In p. 37. He takes the Court of *shifting off Perjury by a trifling yit*. Which requires no other then the firm answer, and the same correction. For the scandal fall's her upon the Court, who whatever the Managers said, were to consider the weight of the Matter.

I must confess, the World may well wonder, that such a malicious Piece of pretended Protestantism should adventure with his frivolous objections so maliciously to bespatter the Learning and Integrity of those most worthy Patriots, that so highly deserve by their great Circumspection and Industry, from the whole Nation, and the Protestant Religion. But the Profession of true Protestantism being the most reprov'd in the World, 'tis no more then could be expected from a Maggot of that common Proverb, *Corruptio Optima est Pejorima*. Whole whole Diabolical Design being onely to traduce, and by traducing true worth and virtue, to assert the innocence of Trayterous Popery. It cannot be thought, that reason and Loyalty will judge the better of the Lord *Stafford's* Innocency, because they behav'd themselves so nobly and renownedly in the prosecution of his Treasons.

And thus you see the most Gigantic force and strength of his arguments for the injustice of the Lord *Stafford* being brought to the Block. A bold and audacious Recrimination upon the United Wisdom and Justice of the whole Kingdom. What such a foul-mouth'd *Mr. Court-Plot* may deserve, I will not be so adventurous as to put the question. However, it is not to be debated, but that all His Majesties most true and Loyal Protestant Subjects hope in time to see him duly rewarded according to his deserts.

In the next place, he troubles the World with my Lords *Principles of Truth and Loyalty*. What does it concern us, what his Principles were, if his actions were otherwise? Nor will Mr. *Impartial* easily persuade the World, That a Traitor in his actions could be Loyal in his Principles. The Sacred Lips of Christ himself hath taught us, that we must judge of the Tree by its Fruit. *Cromwel*, that committed that unparalleled Murder of God's Anointed, was the most compleat Counterfeiter of outward Sanctity of any of his Time. So that the ridiculous account of my Lords Principles was most unreasonable and insignificant.

As little to the purpose is that vain Recapitulation of the Cream of the Protestant Religion. For that Religion can be no Religion, that has not some Tenents tending to Piety and Morality; but what signifies that? We know the Rules of all the Popish Orders are very strict, and favouring of a most Seraphic Holiness; yet none more generally broken and dissolute then they that live under those Holy Vows. Even the Order of *Jesu* cannot exempt the professors of it from being the most pernicious of men. But Mr. *Impartial*, since you have been picking and calling the Strawberries of your Religion, what think you of the poisonous Mandrake-Apples that follow? Since you have politickly taken this opportunity, to sow the choicest of your Grain, on purpose to seduce and win the multitude; I will take the boldness to throw a double quantity of your own Darnel Seed among it, to prevent the growth of it in the hearts of the people.

To which end I begin thus, That the Popish Religion is a scandal to all Europe, but
 less so, and paquid by those that daily behold the Fooleries and Debaucheries of its
 most Exalted *Adams* and *High Priests*. A Religion that maintains that inveterate, implac-
 cable and imbred hatred to Protestantism, contrary to the Character of Christianity, that
 the instances of it in History would serve to compile a Volume.

Read but the Lives of the Popes, and there you shall find a Progeny of *Christ's Vicars*,
 and *S. Peter's Successors*, as they call themselves, infamous for their Frauds, Perjuries, Blas-
 phemies, lost Consciences, Buggeries, Defilements, and Prostitutions of their own Daugh-
 ters, Adulteries, Poysonings, Atheism; and in short, for all manner of Villany and De-
 bauchery. And when the Fountains are so filthy and impure, let the World judg what
 the Streams that flow from thence must be. Their Monasteries Sties of Bestialitie, their
 Nunneries Brothel-Houses.

Their Doctrine, common principles, and practise the frequent Excommunications and
 Murders of Princes, the legality of Equivocation and Perjury; that there is no faith to
 be kept with Hereticks; that libertie of Religion granted to Protestants is repugnant to
 the Law of God: that it is the duty of the Papists to destroy the Protestants, by Fire,
 Sword, Poyson, Gun-powder, or any other way most oportune. That there is no obli-
 gation or allegiance due to Heretical Magistrates and Princes. These are the singular and
 genuine Principles of Popery. Which they that will not believe, let 'em read the Works
 of *Simancha*, *Comadus Brunnus*, *Martin Becanus*, *Cardinal Baronius*, *Marianus Peter de Ou-*
ne, *Creswell*, *Fresham*, and the Decree of *Urban the 2d*. That they should not be account-
 ed Murderers, that kill any of the Enemies of the Roman Catholic Church.

And thus after a rambling, impertinent Story of his Lordships behaviour, that looks
 like a piece of Romance interlarded with Love-Letters, he brings his Lordship to the
 Scaffold, where he avers to the World three notorious Rappers, two of them in a Breath
 After a short pause he steps to one side of the Scaffold, and with a graceful Air and intelligible
 Voice pronounced his last Speech. A very graceful Air indeed, encourag'd and highten'd
 with stupifying, and therefore undaunted Inebriation, which the near Spectators well ob-
 serv'd. However, this is as true as the next, that he pronounc'd his Speech, when they
 that were at a distance might easily perceive he read it every word; and as they that stood
 by related very humbly too. And indeed it could not be otherwise expected. For you
 know, Mr. *Impartial*, his Lordship was never accounted a Speech-maker in his Life; and
 for a person under his circumstances, and of his mean parts, to read the fence of other
 men intelligibly, and with a graceful Air, is a thing more improbable then any of your ab-
 surdities. And therefore, Mr. *Impartial*, you must lay your stories closer together next
 time. But when the Head was held up by the Executioner, what then? *The People made*
no acclamations at the sight. By which bloody untruth so bloudily averr'd; it is most plain-
 ly apparent what credit is to be given to all than Mr. *Impartial* has been clamouring all this
 while. It being apparent, that he who shall tell such a publick falshood so easie to be evinc'd,
 would never scruple to make a thousand wilful mistakes clandestinely. Surely, he was either
 deaf, or he had stopp'd his Ears with *Plaster of Paris*. For certainly such a number of
 people could never have fill'd the Skie with louder shouts and hollers, unless they had had the
 Throats of *Streeter* himself. And therefore if there were any that went away with confusion
 and remorse, or cri'd him up for a just man, they were onely some of his own Gang, the Pa-
 pistical Tribe, of Handkerchief-dippers. It seems there were others, that said, *he was*
drunk with Brandy; and then 'twas no wonder his Air was so graceful indeed. Truly, Mr.
Impartial, you had better have left that Remark out of your *Memoirs*, for now you put me
 in mind of it. 'twas so reported, nay asserted, and by many still so believ'd; and indeed it
 is an observation, most agreeable to your discription of his behaviour toward the people,
 and his intelligible pronunciation.

And thus I bid this Famous Traitor, whose Cause if it were innocent, there was never
 such a mistake committed since *Adam* was expell'd the Garden of *Eden*. Which because
 it cannot be thought within the Verge of Suspicion Therefore the Popish Plot remains a Po-
 pish Plot still; The Lord *Stafford* remains a Traitor to Posterity; The Evidence against
 him legal and unquestionable, and the Lord *Stafford's Memoirs* not worth a straw.

Post Mortem nulla Voluptas.

FINIS.